This was developed for a lesson on inferring or on stretching out a story. The students will be able to draw inferences on characters or events based on the text at every ------ break. Students can then continue the story by stretching out the events and creating a climax event based on the first paragraph.

Frannie wondered if anything would ever be the same. She wanted to think it could be, but she couldn’t contemplate how that would be possible.

The day started out normal enough. She woke up begrudgingly to the cacophony of her brother’s whines, her baby sister’s wails and the morning news. Her feet hit the cold wood floors and sent a shiver up her spine. She shuffled out of her room and went downstairs where her family was bustling around the breakfast table. How were they so awake? She wondered to herself.

¬ ----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

Frannie poured herself a bowl of cardboard cereal, or that’s at least how she thought of it. Her mother had a lot of rules about food. They could pick out any type of cereal they wanted as long as it had under 6 grams of sugar, at least 5 grams of fiber and 2 or more grams of protein. This was a cruel trick on her mother’s behalf. They thought they had a choice, but there were only 4 cereals in the whole isle that fulfilled these requirements.

¬ ----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

The scene at the table wasn’t unique. Dad, dressed for work, sitting in his usual spot reading the sports section and drinking his coffee, Mom, still in her pajamas trying to get Jack to sit still enough to eat some breakfast, Lisa sitting in her bouncy chair taking it all in. Her father asked her what was happening at school that day. “I don’t know Dad…. I’ll find out when I get there and look at the schedule.” Frannie replied.

But suddenly she remembered. She was suddenly much more awake. She sprang to her feet and ran back to her bedroom. She was on a quest to find a red shirt, pair of shorts, and pair of socks. “Where’s my red hair ribbon?” she called down the stairs.

Frannie scoured her room looking for the appropriate clothing. She found a red sweater but that would be too hot. Finally she found a t-shirt and shorts that pretty much matched. She threw her hair into a ponytail and headed back down the stairs. She found a water bottle and filled it with ice and water. “Don’t forget the sunscreen,” her mother reminded her. Frannie hated the greasy feeling of sun screen but she put it on anyways knowing that the more she fought it, the more her mother would fight back. It was a loosing battle that Frannie didn’t need today. She didn’t want to be late for one of the best days of the school year.

Frannie kissed everyone good-bye and headed out the door. At the bus stop everyone was dressed in blue or red. They bustled about talking about their favorite events and how excited